

THE CAMPAIGN,

AND

BRITANNIA

IN THE YEAR ONE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED.

A POEM,

IN TWO CANTOS.

THE CAMPAIGN

BRITANNIA

IN THE YEAR ONE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED

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397. IN TWO CL.

*James Mackintosh Esq<sup>r</sup>*

# THE CAMPAIGN.

TO

*K  
Frederick*

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF YORK.

---

— Rheni pacator est Istri,  
Omnes in hoc uno variis discordia cessit  
Ordinibus; lætatur eques, plauditque senator,  
Votaque patricio certant plebeia favori.

CLAUD. DE LAUD. STILIC.

Esse aliquam in terris gentem quæ sua impensa, suo labore ac periculo bella  
gerat pro libertate aliorum. Nec hoc finitimis, aut propinquæ vicini-  
tis hominibus, aut terris continenti junctis præstet. Maria trajiceat: ne  
quod toto orbe terrarum injustum imperium sit, et ubique jus, fas, lex  
potentissima sint. LIV. HIST. Lib. 33.

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AND

## BRITANNIA

IN

THE YEAR ONE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED.

ADDRESSED TO

THE HONOURABLE C. J. FOX.

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A POEM, IN TWO CANTOS.

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James Thompson Esq





## CANTO I.

### THE CAMPAIGN.

**C**ELESTIAL muse, the lofty rhyme inspire,  
To Britain's glory tune my daring lyre ;  
The exulting lay to future times prolong,  
That late posterity may learn my song,  
And dwell with rapture on each blazon'd line,  
Where youthful chiefs and warlike statesmen shine.  
If thou, great prince, attend the martial strain,  
And gracious smile, my labour's not in vain.  
—Let envy's dart ignoble Moira sting,  
For Fred'rick's name, and Fred'rick's praise, I sing ;  
On Tagus' banks, while skulking Tarleton pines,  
And love and beauty in his spleen resigns.

O for an Addison's immortal strain,  
To chaunt the triumphs of this grand campaign ;  
To paint the troops our well found transports bore,  
And dash'd in haste on flat Batavia's shore ;  
Who plung'd thro' mud and mire, thro' thick and thin,  
Chill'd by cold rain, but warm'd again by gin !

Squadrons no more, by hoary chieftains led,  
 Fam'd in their day, with William at their head ;  
 William, whose shield blunted rebellion's dart,  
 Who won, and warm'd the British soldier's heart ;  
 'Midst dangers, death, who could their souls inspire  
 With his own spirit, and his native fire.  
 No more those chiefs to glorious combat speed,  
 Who saw brave Wolf on victory's bosom bleed ;  
 Who twin'd the blood-stain'd laurel round his brow,  
 Wet with the tears of Barré, and of Howe ;  
 And no field marshal aids this grand campaign,  
 Who fought with Brunswick on Germania's plain :  
 Veterans retire ; 'tis Fred'rick's bold design,  
 With raw recruits, a heaven-born chief to shine ;  
 To storm the Helder, shake proud Alkmaer's walls,  
 Till Holland leagu'd with France for mercy calls.

Aspiring boys his young battalions rule,  
 And pedants weep o'er the deserted school ;  
 Gay beardless \* striplings court an early doom,  
 New to the field, and colonels in their bloom.  
 The volunteers in quick vibrations wheel,  
 Taught by Dundas the bacchanalian reel.  
 They scorn to march on foot, in movements slow,  
 Coaches and chariots whirl them on the foe ;

\* "How many generous Britons meet their doom,  
 New to the field, and heroes in their bloom." *Addison's Campaign.*

Such \* chiefs and soldiers are both scarce and rare,  
And the Dutch wonder how they all got there.

Great York's return'd, his laurels bloom anew,  
Blossom at court, and shoot at a review;  
He cocks the hat, and trims the flowing vest,  
And plants gay feathers † on the warrior's crest,  
To nod terrific o'er the prostrate foe,  
Pluck'd from domestic fowl, that strut and crow.  
Though far away our brave militia roam,  
This sweet association brings them home.  
If ‡ Partlet liv'd, her prayers would scarce prevail,  
To spare her Chanticleer, and save his tail.

Round Fred'rick's brow the civic chaplet twine,  
In letter'd gold let the convention shine,  
A ransom'd army hail the hero's name,  
And grateful Britain sound her Condé's fame.  
While glorious Paul rebellion's standard mocks,  
And Suroff's lightning rends Helvetia's rocks;

\* "The things we know, are neither rich nor rare,  
"But wonder how the devil they got there."

*Pope's Prologue to the Satires.*

† Gay feathers—a great improvement in a soldier's dress, as it brings us back to the heroic times. Recruiting parties are employed in all the villages to purchase cocks feathers.

*Cock.*

‡ Dryden's fable of the ~~Dog~~ and the Fox.

^ A 4



Through caverns dire he gropes his darksome way,  
 Ferrets \* the foe, and wins the light of day.  
 Safe twin'd in fash, o'er Alpine summits fly,  
 And to his troops a waving path supply;  
 They tread the airy ridge, buoy'd up with hope,  
 Swing o'er the cliffs, and dance along the rope.  
 O'er gulphs, o'er floods, o'er cataracts they pass,  
 Without the help of horses, mule, or ass.  
 The wand'ring peasant casts a fearful eye  
 On these wild northern lights that streak the sky.  
 Suroff himself, Paul's hero, faint, and boast,  
 Like Urfa major shines amidst the host.  
 Here, its tremendous head St. Gothard shrouds,  
 Above the stars, pregnant with thund'ring clouds;  
 Now he ascends amidst mount WINTER'S snow,  
 Where dreadful cataracts terrific flow.  
 Hurling huge masses of the rock and clay,  
 That sweep whole squadrons of his troops away;  
 Horses and men plung'd in the gulph profound;  
 And those he could not save, were crush'd or drown'd.  
 Yet on he goes;—far swifter than the wind,  
 He scuds away, but leaves his guns behind;

\* The Marshal's dispatch is much more poetical.—See also his own sublime and beautiful letter to the Emperor Paul, describing his march from Italy to Switzerland, inserted in the Courier, December 10th.

At Paris halts to hear *Te Deum* sung,  
 While *Vive le Roi* resounds from ev'ry tongue;  
 Priests kiss his footsteps with religious awe,  
 And pray for scenes of *Ismael* \* and *Warsaw*.

Britannia, shout, and hail thy conquering son,  
 See *Buonoparte* from *Sir Sydney* run;  
 Borne by a camel o'er the burning sand,  
 To 'scape the terrors of his vengeful hand.  
 His fainting troops the crocodiles infest,  
 And Arab's darts, dip'd in contagious pest,  
 The impious chief deserts his host and flies,  
 Enslaves his country, and like *Cæsar* dies.

O'er the wide main by *Sydney's* flag convey'd,  
 The pyramids shall rise on *Runymede*;  
 Record the glory of great *Pharaoh's* name,  
 Where *magna charta* tells old *England's* shame;  
 When the mad barons, scorning *Heaven's* command,  
 Dash'd the mild sceptre from their sovereign's hand;—

\* The massacre of *Ismael* was continued three days by the express orders of *General Swaroff*; neither age nor sex were spared.—It was a *Canaanitish* slaughter; and a most meritorious sacrifice;—for they were *Turks*. At *Warsaw* the trenches were stormed in the streets, and no quarter given; and most properly and humanely, for the *Poles* were in arms and rebellion against the emperor of all the *Russias*.

There let the sculptur'd wonders pierce the sky,  
 Though Fox enrag'd from his proud mansion fly,  
 On hieroglyphic lore while Bryant scowls,  
 And circumcises monkeys, cats, and owls \*.

By freedom blest'd, see grateful Egypt smile,  
 And Thames with joy salute his brother Nile.  
 Such Sydney's deeds by polish'd Grenville sung,  
 And sacred truth by the Scot's tuneful tongue.

Our veteran legions press Domingo's soil,  
 Her stores and sweets become the victors spoil;  
 The tortur'd negroes of her fervid plains  
 Our standard join, and shake their galling chains.  
 Though † whole battalions crowd one common grave,  
 And putrid corse dash the fullen wave,  
 Our conquering arms o'er death and pest prevail;  
 In vain the sword, in vain the tainted gale  
 Oppose our sway;—Britannia's statesmen shine  
 By faith's pure light and energy divine;

\* This most profound and philosophical scholar proves beyond a possibility of doubt, that the Egyptian arts, sciences, and ritual, were borrowed from the Israelites, especially circumcision, which they contemptuously exercised on these sacred hieroglyphical animals.

† The terra firma in our possession was not sufficient to bury the dead; every night the ship boats were employed to fling them in the sea: above 50,000 perished in a very short time by the yellow fever.



Since death, disease, invade us in the shade,  
 Let's nobly fall; nor sheathe the vengeful blade,  
 Till Nassau slumbers on Batavia's throne,  
 And Jacobins celestial Louis own.  
 The Pope again to heaven's bright key aspires,  
 And inquisitions light their holy fires;  
 Sceptics and Atheists feed the pious blaze,  
 While raptur'd zealots on the martyrs gaze.

Batavia's wide extended empire shakes,  
 Sumatra trembles through her venom'd lakes;  
 From Java's isle the tree of death convey,  
 To branch and bloom at Botany's dire bay;  
 For Jacobins inclose an ample space,  
 And doom to exile the devoted race.  
 Just eighty thousand curse fair Albion's shore,  
 By cool St. Edmund muster'd o'er and o'er;  
 Round death's sad tree let them imbibe despair,  
 And fall in anguish by her poisonous air;  
 While we Heaven's mercies by thanksgiving own,  
 And speed addresses to the sacred throne.

Waft me, ye Nine, 'midst Ceylon's fragrant groves,  
 Where Dutchmen bought and sold their sable loves;  
 Hence, North indignant drove the venal race,  
 Too pure himself—to share a slave's embrace.

North \* chafly vers'd in MANYDUKE's deep lore,  
 Plys his fair hands on ocean's eastern shore,  
 To spicy gales commits the ecstatic fit,  
 (Wondrous to tell) and magnetises Pitt.  
 Selected youth, go, stretch thy manual sway,  
 Till Bramins sage thy magic touch obey.

Then bear me quick to India's burning soil,  
 To share in proud and gorgeous Tippos's spoil;  
 The Sultan's gems to royal hands consign,  
 Like the fam'd bulse;—theirs by a right divine.  
 His wide domains, his highly cultur'd fields,  
 An unexhausted store of treasure yields;  
 The India board no more exprefs their fears,  
 Lest rupees fail, to pay our pension'd peers,  
 Whom both the crown and country's voice may call,  
 To wield the golden sceptre of Bengal.

Two legal sages at the helm preside,  
 Our battles plan, our warlike councils guide;  
 Their names would baffle even Salisbury's lays,  
 Scotia's soft tongue alone can speak their praise.

\* This ingenious versatile young gentleman, very early in life, practised animal magnetism, and is supposed to be the most accomplished operator in Europe.

They sound war's trump, they speed the fatal blow,  
 And princely York now rushes on the foe;  
 Dunkirk, that tells the venal Charles's shame,  
 Adds a fresh wreath to royal Fred'rick's fame.  
 Like Philip arm'd he aims his golden dart \*,  
 That pierces all things but a Dutchman's heart.  
 He heads the column, tempts the dangerous strife,  
 The gen'rous soldier trembles for his life.  
 Too daring prince, ah, check thy martial rage,  
 Nor with the foes of heaven and kings engage!  
 He hears me not, nor heeds his weeping friends,  
 Though Europe's safety on his life depends.  
 O fire heroic! noble thirst of fame,  
 That clings instinctive to the Brunswick name.  
 Wisdom and virtue mark the chosen race,  
 The first in valour, as the first in place.

No more let Vincent's vengeful lightning shine;  
 Cla——, to sea, and pierce the gallic line:  
 Princes alone can boast celestial fire,  
 And give us back an image of their fire.  
 Yet one degenerate prince, my muse, admit,  
 Too like your Henry, both in love and wit.

\* The oracle's council—Aureis pugna telis, ad omnia vinces.—It is said that his Royal Highness' intercepted letter shews that he acted on the same wise principle; probably it will be published in an Extra Gazette.



Strike, strike the lyre, and sound war's dire alarms,  
 Great Frederick comes—hark, the drum beats to arms.  
 He shuns the Uplands, Zealand's fertile fields,  
 Where waving corn a plenteous harvest yields;  
 On Capua thinks, and takes especial care,  
 Left the troops languish by luxurious fare.  
 To form his phalanx hardy, firm, and bold,  
 He sharps their swords by hunger, wet, and cold,  
 That, stung by rage, their vengeful hearts may glow,  
 And tir'd of life, rush headlong on the foe.  
 Dykes and canals in vain his fury bound,  
 He plunges on to gain the solid ground;  
 And views with wond'ring, yet with dauntless eyes,  
 Each sand-hill swell into a mountain's size \*;  
 No fiery spirits o'er his soul prevail,  
 As yest ferments and frets impassion'd ale;  
 Calm and serene, beyond the cannon's reach,  
 He shoots the screaming sea-gull on the beach †.

\* The sand hills were never known to be above fifty or sixty feet high, before this expedition, as I have been assured by several very accurate Dutch gentlemen; his Royal Highness describes them as 300 feet high at least.

† This is a curious fact; and evinces the sang froid of the commander in chief.—

#### IMITATION.

"His courage dwells not on a troubled flood

"Of mounting spirits or fermenting blood."

*Campaign.*

The haughty Muscovites the foe deride,  
 The dread of France, Imperial Russia's pride;  
 Their discipline, Republicans may flout;  
 My loyal muse shall consecrate the knout,  
 That flays each raw recruit's devoted back,  
 Till the flesh quivers from its very smack.  
 Smack but the knout, he rushes to the field,  
 Conquers or dies, and ever scorns to yield.  
 Thus bears to graceful attitudes advance,  
 And by association \* learn to dance.  
 Play but a tune in cadence sharp or sweet,  
 And slip hot plates of steel beneath their feet;  
 They frisk about, not by soft music's laws,  
 But to relieve, and shift their burning paws;  
 Yet always after, if a fiddle play,  
 They leap, and bound to the melodious lay.

Divine philosophy, thy magic skill,  
 Bends brutes and heroes to thy sovereign will;  
 Sway'd by ideas in successive train,  
 And subtle spirits darted through the brain;  
 Russians and bears thy wondrous influence charms,  
 Drill'd to the dance and dreadful trade of arms;  
 Fiddles and knouts harmoniously unite,  
 And sweetly prove the sage's doctrine right.

\* See Locke on the Association of Ideas,

The Prince with joy surveys our brave allies,  
 Who round the hero raise tumultuous cries;  
 Claiming the post of honour as their right,  
 And with fierce yells anticipate the fight.  
 All clad in green, fresh as the verdant grass,  
 Their rough furr'd caps fac'd with refulgent brass;  
 That o'er the field emit terrific gleams,  
 And tip the sand-hills with resplendent beams.  
 Gnashing their teeth, they foam with dreadful ire,  
 And hot with brandy, scorn the Gallic fire.  
 With piercing shouts on great \* St. Nicholas call,  
 And grin, and gape to bite the flying ball:  
*shot* Pierc'd thro' and thro' they scarce perceive their hurt,  
 But scramble on, thro' blood, and mire, and dirt:  
 Even when they fall, and hopes of life are fled,  
 They sprawl about, to spoil and strip the dead.  
 And now both Dutch and French had fled with shame,  
 But Daendels, anxious to retrieve his fame—  
 Infidious Daendels sprung a dreadful mine,  
 That not a hundred sand-hills could confine.  
 Horrid the blast, while direful lightnings glare,  
 Battalions, squadrons, mount into the air;  
 Legs, arms, and heads are scatter'd to and fro,  
 Mock'd and insulted by the treacherous foe;

\* St. Nicholas, the patron saint at Russia, to whom the soldiers repeatedly  
 address their prayers.



The brazen caps in wild disorder fly;  
 Strange corruscations in Batavia's sky!  
 The Zuyder Sea receives these falling stars,  
 And generous Hamburgh claims them as the Czar's.

O mighty Paul, the prince is not to blame;  
 Who sent thy Calmoucks to the field of fame;—  
 To yield them all the glory of the day,  
 Ten thousand troops, to scatter wild dismay,  
 Were march'd to Hoorne; wisely detached by night,  
 To stop the hostile army in its flight;  
 That when they shrunk from Russia's conqu'ring spear  
 This corps might charge them on the flank and rear.  
 But when, alas! the fatal mine was sprung,  
 And the sad news confirm'd by ev'ry tongue;  
 Nay, when the brazen caps were seen to fall,  
 The pavement crush, and dash against the wall,  
 They beat to arms, pursued their former track,  
 Rejoin'd the prince, and to a man came back.

Through every rank the godlike Frederick runs,  
 Breathing revenge for Russia's slaughter'd sons.  
 To win more honour, and the foe disgrace,  
 He storms their trenches in the strongest place.  
 Thus he succeeds, and takes them by surprise—  
 Such art in war shews him both brave and wise.  
 But when the thunder of the battle roars,  
 He splits the line to charge in separate corps;

The left wing hides in ambush from the right,  
 To whet their courage in this arduous fight.  
 The dauntless right charges the vaunting foe,  
 But nothing of the left or centre know.  
 On Dutch and French its weight the centre flings,  
 But wants *momentum* shorn of both its wings.  
 In his own breast he hides his deep design,  
 Nor can the British chiefs his plan divine;  
 If even Knox and Moore but guess in vain,  
 How can le Brun the royal secret gain?  
 The war's\* whole art our brave militia know,  
 And without order rush upon the foe.  
 The bayonet stabs, steeds neigh, and Frenchmen yield,  
 And sweet Prince William gallops o'er the field.  
 But Frederick's voice puts Gallia's host to rout,  
 As Trojans fled from fierce Achilles' shout;  
 Even Buonoparte would with shame retire,  
 As the sun's flame, deadens the chimney fire.  
 The pious prince to Alkmaer's† church repairs,  
 And 'midst the combat wearies Heaven with pray'rs;  
 Then to Dundas with classic beauty writes,  
 " Philip may pray, while brave Parmenio fights."  
 Ammon's great son, his calmness to display,  
 Bid the trump wake him for the bloody fray;

## \* IMITATION.

" The war's whole art each private soldier knows,  
 " And with a general's love of conquest glows." *Campaign.*

† In the action of the 2d of October.

Fred'rick, more calm, rode off the field at night,  
Securely slept, nor ask'd, " how went the fight?"

Fain would the muse exultingly relate  
The hair-breadth 'scapes of heroes snatch'd from fate ;  
A ball rebounding from th' elastic sand  
Dash'd both the drumsticks from a drummer's hand ;  
Coat, shirt, and finall-clothes, from young Sydney bore,  
Who shrunk abash'd amidst his laughing corps ;  
The noble York, pitying the drummer's case,  
Bid golden sticks the wooden ones replace.  
Invidious Gallic consul, blush for shame,  
Nor vie in drumsticks \* with our Fred'rick's fame.

An epaulet, on this illustrious day,  
A twenty-pounder struck and bore away ;  
Undaunted, firm, the sea-born Ch——m stood,  
Though the bright spangles glitter'd on the mud ;  
These spangles Fa——ar on his pills displays,  
While on Pandora's † box his patients gaze.

\* It is perfectly evident, that Buonoparte, in his late military code, ordering silver studded drumsticks to be given to any drummer who signalizes himself in action; it is evident, I say, that this consular plagiarist invidiously stole the hint from his Royal Highness.

† This eminent and distinguished surgeon, physician, apothecary, and bart. produced and read a letter in all companies giving an accurate detail of this most miraculous incident.



With laurels wreath'd, the British colours fly,  
 And Orange ribbands flout Batavia's sky;  
 Proud Amsterdam with trembling patience waits  
 For Nassau, and his high and mighty states.  
 Now when each voice exulting pæans sings,  
 And joyful Victory claps her golden wings;  
 On the duke's helm she refts her dazzling flight,  
 And shoots along the dykes a stream of light;  
 At her bright form the wond'ring Cossacks gaze,  
 Panting for plunder, and the love of praise.  
 Sing, heavenly muse, on this auspicious day  
 Why call'd the chief his conqu'ring troops away?  
 The hero, anxious on his high design,  
 Had pass'd the trench, and rode along the line;  
 As round the coast his piercing eye-balls dart,  
 A sudden chillness seiz'd his gallant heart;  
 Tears down his manly cheeks in torrents roll,  
 And soft compassion touch'd his tender soul:  
 He heard the Zuyder sea's terrific roar,  
 Bursting the dyke, and dashing on the shore;  
 In his mind's eye, he saw the ocean sweep  
 Maids, frows, and infants, to the raging deep.  
 Quick, found a truce, the godlike Frederick cries,  
 No more let shouts of battling hosts arise;  
 Fly, my bold Don, and to the Dutch explain  
 The treacherous conduct of the Zuyder main,

Bid them awake, and rouse their slumb'ring band,  
 The trusty guard of this amphibious land;  
 Their ancient arts, and secret skill display,  
 To stop the breach, by sand, by weeds, or clay:  
 And lest the Calmoucks interrupt their toil,  
 I'll hoist my sails, and reach my native soil.

So when Hibernia's guardian angel\* stood  
 On Shannon's banks, distain'd with Orange blood,  
 He bade the river-god his tide expand,  
 And pour a deluge o'er the sinful land.  
 The loyal god bow'd to his high behest;—  
 But sudden pity touch'd the angel's breast;  
 A drowning people struck his tearful eye,  
 While weeping virgins raise the Irish cry.  
 The angel sigh'd;—hills, valleys, mountains, rung  
 To these sweet accents of his heavenly tongue:  
 " Tremendous Shannon, let thy roaring cease,  
 " Call in thy cataracts, and flow in peace."  
 Then with a bound the gladsome cherub flies,  
 Claps his bright wings, and gains his native skies.

Soon as our hero touches Albion's shore  
 The windows blaze, squibs crack, and rockets roar:

\* " So when an angel by divine command, &c." *Campaign.*

Sleek aldermen his royal presence wait,  
 To kiss his hand, and drag his coach in state;  
 And beg his hat, to grace their common hall,  
 Shot through and through by many a cannon ball.  
 The maids of honour wond'ring stand around,  
 And plausive shouts from Drury-lane resound.  
 Illustrious chief, here from thy labours rest,  
 Lull'd to soft slumbers on Britannia's breast.

But if again, provok'd by glory's charms,  
 You rise in anger, and resume <sup>your</sup> ~~thy~~ arms,  
 Soon may thy trenchant sword and glitt'ring lance  
 'Midst Chouans beam, to dazzle vaunting France.  
 Then, like Boileau \*, I'll chant this holy war,  
 And turn thy feather to a blazing star,  
 To guide the troops amidst the cloud of fight,  
 And shine a flambeau in the dreary night.

\* Contemplez dans la tempête,  
 Qui sort de ces boulevarts,  
 La plume qui sur sa tête  
 Attire tous les regards.  
 A cet astre redoutable,  
 Toujours un sort favorable  
 S'attache dans les combats:  
 Et toujours avec la gloire  
 Mars amenant la victoire  
 Vole et le suit à grands pas—

*Ode sur la prise de Namur.*



Young Jenk——on will lend one brilliant ray,  
 Bright as a link-boy, twinkle on thy way ;  
 Till Paris falls, as Babylon of yore,  
 Her tow'rs consum'd, her consuls drench'd in gore ;  
 Gallia again in gilded fetters sing,  
 Kneel to her nobles, and adore her King ;  
 Her happy peasants at the CORVÉE toil,  
 And priests enjoy the third of all her soil.  
 Then Buonoparte as a galley slave,  
 Chain'd to the oar, may stem th' Egyptian wave,  
 To the grand Turk consign the caitiff's ears ;—  
 His letter ; to our CONSUL at Algiers.  
 Nor let thy awful thunder, Britain, cease  
 Till Malmſbury signs a safe and glorious peace.  
 The Cape be ours, by luscious vineyards blest ;  
 Ceylon, Domingo, and the port of Brest.  
 Italia's spoils let Austria's eagle share,  
 The gaping Prussian feast on empty air.  
 Malta's proud rock, great Czar, shall own thy sway,  
 The Corſic crown will Minto's self convey ;  
 The royal robe, the sceptre, and the ball,  
 That shone on George, may well emblazon Paul.  
 To his imperial nod all Poland doom,  
 While Koſciufko bleeds at Catharine's tomb.  
 Then Social Order may Religion kiſs,  
 And the whole earth enjoy celestial bliſs.

All hail, Britannia ! hail, thou blissful isle !  
Around thy coast may peace and plenty smile ;  
While angels hover with protecting wing,  
And the whole nation chants—God save the king.

# BRITANNIA

IN

THE YEAR ONE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED.

ADDRESSED TO

*THE HONOURABLE C. J. FOX.*

---

Salve magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus,  
Magna virum :

Illic faltus, ac lustra ferarum,  
Et patiens operum, exiguoque adfucta juvenus ;  
Sacra deum, sanctique patres, extrema per illos,  
Justitia excedens terris vestigia fecit.

VIRG. Geor. iii.

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## CANTO II.

### BRITANNIA

IN THE YEAR ONE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED.

COMPELL'D by truth, that former friendship shocks,  
I turn my strain to hypocritic Fox;  
Who vainly seems in social ease to sit,  
And share the day with literature and wit.  
Specious pretext ! ambition always blends  
With the soft notes of plausible flatt'ring friends ;  
Whom he enchants, as round his heart they twine,  
By never aiming 'midst the group to shine.  
And by such art, and such insidious skill,  
He moulds a desperate PHALANX \* to his will.  
Humbly he strives superior parts to hide,  
Wrapt in himself, elate with conscious pride.

\* A just epithet bestowed by Mr. Burke on C. Fox's Satellites.

Shielded by pride, he shews no envious spleen ;  
 His placid looks, disguise his scornful mien :  
 Though eloquent, 'tis nature's bounty quite ;  
 By genius, not by ardent study bright.  
 And where's his merit, if he can't go wrong ?  
 Free-will is lost, when reason is so strong :  
 In his proud rival no such faults we trace,  
 He wins his friends by pensions, peerage, place ;  
 Then chant, my muse, by Britain's glory smit,  
 The various blessings she derives from P—tt :  
 And paint the Joseph of this happy isle ;  
 Sweet are his looks, and winning is his smile.  
 With splendid virtues he surrounds the throne,  
 And Chastity has mark'd him for her own.  
 With fond delight, the Senate oft has hung  
 On the smooth accents of his flowing tongue,  
 And felt the golden music of the spheres  
 Thrill in their hearts, and warble in their ears :  
 Ethereal sounds that play around the chair,  
 And then dissolve, and melt in empty air ;  
 Amidst the Senate rise, and there decay—  
 Hamet himself can't steal one note away.

Aspiring Fox, to rural shades retir'd,  
 By rage, by envy, and ambition fir'd ;



What can you hope, and now, what can you gain?  
 Banish'd for ever from wife Portland's train?  
 Who kneel repentant round the gracious throne,  
 And former friends and former deeds disown;  
 Who 'gainst their king could whet rebellion's steel\*,  
 With loyal zeal for injur'd Louis † feel.  
 His war proclaim with a true christian grace,  
 And pour eulogiums on the Bourbon race.  
 Their fragrant incense burn at Louis' shrine,  
 The great protector of a royal line;  
 Whose heavenly sceptre crush'd tyrannic law  
 Ere Britain fell by freedom and Nassau.  
 Louis, the pride, the flower of Bourbon's name—  
 Ev'n Spitalfields record old Louis' fame!  
 Glory he lov'd—his glory to enhance,  
 He blest'd all Europe with the arts of France;  
 Sent Hugunots o'er distant climes to roam,  
 And starv'd the slaves, who meanly skulk'd at home,  
 For morals, social order, firm he stood,  
 And for religion shed his people's ‡ blood.

\* American War; according to their present loyal tory principles.

† "A line of princes, under whom you lived happy at home, and respected abroad." *See Lord Grenville's Letter.*

‡ Madame Sevigné gaily touches on the crusading *dragonades* of this great monarch, to destroy heresy, and establish the true catholic faith.

To speed the bliss of his propitious reign,  
 Bid *god-like* \* Turenne waste Germania's plain;  
 And warm'd to fury by heroic ire,  
 O'er the Palatinate spread vengeful fire.  
 Despairing Nassau led Batavia's band  
 To the last dyke of her precarious land:  
 If in that dyke, had gracious Heaven decreed  
 Fierce revolution's dog to fall and bleed,  
 Great James's sceptre, wielded by his race,  
 Had o'er the realm diffus'd despotic grace:  
 The Pope's own banner wav'd her holy wings,  
 And Louis' bounty pension'd all our kings.  
 Another Louis' trump, mid war's alarms,  
 Call'd out the loyal clans,——to arms—to arms,  
 A third divided Britain by one stroke,  
 And taught her free-born sons to spurn her yoke.  
 Great Louis' toils and virtues are o'erpaid  
 By such eulogiums offer'd to his shade.  
 Bourbons, rejoice, and in Elysium sing  
 The praise of British statesmen, and their king.

Chatham's wise son, bids war's dire carnage cease,  
 And law's strong curb ensure the public peace;  
 A standing army guard the subjects' rights,  
 And country gentlemen turn Serjeant Kites:

\* "See god-like Turenne prostrate in the dust." POPE,

With brandish'd swords quell democratic strife,  
 That flaming guard the kingly tree of life.  
 No factious meetings now excite a riot,  
 And no licentious press disturbs our quiet.  
 See wholesome terror through the land prevail ;  
 And Elmſly quakes, when Johnson's sent to jail.  
 Ev'n for my courtly rhyme I almost fear,  
 Left classic Kenyon ſmoke it for a ſneer.

See \* Prettyman his darling pupil ~~meet~~,  
 And lawn'd and mitred, kneel to kiſs his feet ,  
 While fervent prayers his hallow'd lips inſpire,  
 He faggots † Geddes' bibles for the fire ;  
 Devotes the heretic to burning ſhame,  
 And with his Horſley dances round the flame.

Let Jacobins o'er Habeas Corpus wail,  
 While Portland's warrants crowd each diſtant jail ;  
 Unjudg'd, unjury'd, let the traitors rot,  
 Of friends forgetful, and by friends forgot ;  
 There let them pine, juſt victims of our hate,  
 Left ſome acquitted felon mock the ſtate,

\* See the grateful Biſhop's dedication to Mr. Pitt, in which he prefers him, very properly, to Demosthenes, Cicero, and all ſtateſmen ancient or modern.

† In the Biſhop's paſtoral letter.



No more on Edward's acts let Erskine dwell,  
 Lex Georgii tertii, serves the crown as well.  
 No more wild principles of common law,  
 Will traitors screen, and timid judges awe.  
 Scott strove in vain (all prais'd his lib'ral heart)  
 To squeeze out treason by constructive art;  
 On seven seditious *counts* his charges roll,  
 That added up, made treason on the whole;  
 So Jeffries argued, (so a jury found)  
 A shilling's one, but twenty make a pound.  
 This truth and logic touch'd not Eyre's dull brain,  
 He wak'd, and found his courtly vision vain:  
 O'er him no coronet its radiance shed,  
 Reserv'd to blaze on Sir John's wiser head.

The king's behests though shrewd Dundas explain  
 To warlike chiefs; thine is a wide domain,  
 Illustrious Portland—to thy sway he yields  
 The Bow-street runners, and all Coldbath-fields.  
 Thine is the tower, thine each dreary cell,  
 Where lions, tygers, and state convicts dwell;  
 There, crest-fallen Thanet courts the savage race  
 To lick his hand, and roar the royal grace.  
 In vain, alas! was Kenyon's generous toil,  
 That Appleby might rest the church's spoil;  
 He view'd the honour of his peers with awe,  
 And set the axe in the smooth oil of law,

To punish Thanet, as the court well knows,  
Not for his giving, \* but receiving blows.

No corps in arms to the Whig Duke conſign,  
Who toaſts the ſovereign people in his wine ;  
Such toaſts the crown and right divine debase,  
Enjoy'd by JAMES, and now by Brunſwick's race ;  
Nor let his bard audaciouſly inſpire  
Alcæus' ſpirit, by Anacreon's lyre.

'Midſt woods and wilds no peace let Prieſtley know,  
But Horſley's ſpear ſtill pierce his exil'd foe ;  
Childleſs and widow'd on th' Atlantic ſhore,  
There let him boaſt his philoſophic lore ;  
For him the church blows up her holy fire,  
And hopes to ſee a LAVOISIER expire.

Ye lawn rob'd prieſts, let ſharp coercive rules  
Reſtrain licentious colleges and ſchools ;  
From their proud rank Locke's dang'rous volumes chaſe ;  
Let Reeves, and Burke, the vacant niches grace ;  
Leſt whigs again at Cam and Iſis ſhine,  
Spurning obedience through the right divine.  
Ev'n Virgil's genius taints impetuous youth,  
Though taught at court to cheriſh ſacred truth,  
He flatters Cæſar with inſidious art,  
Though ſtill a baſe republican at heart,

\* See the trial by Mr. Ferguſon.

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 Lex Georgii tertii, serves the crown as well.  
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 Will traitors screen, and timid judges awe.  
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 To warlike chiefs; thine is a wide domain,  
 Illustrious Portland—to thy sway he yields  
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 That Appleby might rest the church's spoil;  
 He view'd the honour of his peers with awe,  
 And set the axe in the smooth oil of law,



To punish Thanet, as the court well knows,  
Not for his giving, \* but receiving blows.

No corps in arms to the Whig Duke consign,  
Who toasts the sovereign people in his wine ;  
Such toasts the crown and right divine debase,  
Enjoy'd by JAMES, and now by Brunswick's race ;  
Nor let his bard audaciously inspire  
Alcæus' spirit, by Anacreon's lyre.

'Midst woods and wilds no peace let Priestley know,  
But Horsley's spear still pierce his exil'd foe ;  
Childless and widow'd on th' Atlantic shore,  
There let him boast his philosophic lore ;  
For him the church blows up her holy fire,  
And hopes to see a LAVOISIER expire.

Ye lawn rob'd priests, let sharp coercive rules  
Restrain licentious colleges and schools ;  
From their proud rank Locke's dang'rous volumes chase ;  
Let Reeves, and Burke, the vacant niches grace ;  
Lest whigs again at Cam and Isis shine,  
Spurning obedience through the right divine.  
Ev'n Virgil's genius taints impetuous youth,  
Though taught at court to cherish sacred truth,  
He flatters Cæsar with insidious art,  
Though still a base republican at heart,

\* See the trial by Mr. Ferguson.

Who ranks fell Brutus in bright virtue's\* train,  
 And chants † rebellion in exulting strain;  
 This well may chafe a Scotch professor's spleen,  
 And plant democracy at Aberdeen.

Can faction now her baneful arts display,  
 Mute is the voice of Sheridan and Grey;  
 And tongue-ty'd Fox sedition's sons bemoan,  
 Whose thunder shook the senate and the throne.  
 To starve the poor, no more is Whitbread's aim;  
 Lost is the bill, and his paternal fame.  
 Tierney alone toils through the long debate,  
 And stirs the noxious humours of the state.

FRANCIS, condenses envy, spleen, and rage,  
 And comprehends a volume in a page;

\* Vis et Tarquinius reges, animamque superbam,  
 Ultoris Bruti, fasceque videre receptos?  
 Consulis imperium hic primus sævasque securis,  
 Adcipiet, natosque pater, nova bella moventis,  
 Ad pœnam pulcra pro libertate vocabit.  
 — Utcunque ferent ea facta minores  
 Vincit amor patriæ, laudumque immensa cupido—

VIRG. Lib. vi.

† Ergo omnis furiis, surrexit Etruria iustis  
 REGEM AD SUPPLICIUM præsentî marte reposcunt.

VIRG. Lib. viii.

"Milton himself, I mean the Milton of the commonwealth, could not have asserted with more energy, the daring pretensions of the people to punish, as well as to resist, a tyrant. The Republic was subverted, but the minds of the Romans were still republican."

*Critical Observation on the 6th book of the Æneid, by GIBBON.*

" The question stated," not a vote can gain,  
 But shews the mad compression of his brain.  
 Holland indeed, by dire ambition smit,  
 Braves Grenville's logic, and his piercing wit.  
 With graceful ease, stiff Loughborough presides,  
 No longer teas'd by restless Maitland's gibes;  
 There Bedford fullen sits, and darkly aims  
 To act his sire, whose blood was shed by James;  
 Yet unimpeach'd, though all his plots \* are known,  
 Alas! no Jeffries, guards the menac'd throne.

No pilfering arts our rich exchequer rob,  
 F——— † exposes every public job;  
 If splendid scrips support gay fashion's vice,  
 The pious K—ny—n damns both cards and dice:  
 Weighs ladies foibles in his moral scales,  
 Then shakes his cat, and boasts of her nine tails.

But private vices public good create—  
 Hence lotteries rise, that grand resource of state;  
 The lower ranks their happy influence feel,  
 And pledge their all, to trust in Fortune's wheel;  
 While British drams, visions of wealth impart,  
 Fire every brain, and madden every heart.

\* Mr. Secretary Dundas evidently alludes to some detected conspiracy, though he very modestly assigns a difference of opinion in politicks only, as the reason why his Majesty's ministers did not think it either safe or prudent to accept the Duke of Bedford's offer to raise a regiment at his own expence.

† See Report of the Commissioners of Accounts on the Land Tax revenue of Scotland.



Daring ideas in each breast instill,  
 For drunk, who thinks the rope itself an ill?  
 Hence bold Macheaths\* their noble projects plan,  
 And vindicate the equal rights of man.  
 Lott'ries and stills † our righteous war maintain,  
 And bishops vote—"that godliness is gain;"  
 Else, they like Jews, would Sabbath-breakers stone;  
 Who roast, or bake, or even broil a bone:  
 While the good souls, in sin and sackcloth drest,  
 Won't touch plum-pudding ‡ on this day of rest;  
 And operas shun, lest the Eve-apron'd dance  
 Should tempt their eyes to one licentious glance.

The chinking gold no more our bankers tell,  
 Since the House votes,—that paper does as well;  
 Pitt asks no vote,—but ships the precious ore,  
 To sharpen the sword, and bid the cannon roar.  
 What miracles our banish'd guineas work,  
 Shar'd by the Rufs, the Portugeeze, and Turk;  
 Faithful allies, though in discordant spheres,  
 The Mufti, Pope, Grand Lama, and Algiers;  
 All leagu'd by reason, on religion's plan,  
 Louis to crown, and crush the rights of man!

\* See Colquhoun's Treatise on the Metropolis, page 40, 2d edition.

† Yet Jacobins calumniate administration, for not stopping the distilleries, but our statesmen are too wise and humane to deprive the people of the only consolation left them, in a season of scarcity and distress.

‡ A proposal recommended by the bench of Bishops to enforce a Judaical observance of the Sabbath by act of Parliament.

Our righteous cause, let Britain's arms sustain,  
 Till nobles, priests, and exil'd princes reign.  
 Though conquest still his bloody trophies rears,  
 Wet with the orphans, and the widow's tears;  
 The motive only constitutes the crime,  
 And murderous war's a virtue most sublime;  
 If for religion, and the throne we fight,  
 To force corrupted man from wrong to right.  
 And persecution is an act divine,  
 That sooths the heart, when life's frail hopes decline.  
 Thus PHILIP'S\* conscience at his latest breath,  
 Spoke peace and joy, and smooth'd the bed of death;  
 Bid his meek soul to heavenly bliss aspire,  
 For dooming hereticks to searching fire.  
 Ev'n grace for them, the pious monarch wins,  
 By tortures here, burning away their sins;  
 Vice, vice alone the blessed flame consumes,  
 Their virtue in eternal lustre blooms.  
 As golden ore amidst the chymic blaze,  
 Freed from the dross, its brilliancy displays;  
 Flings off its mortal part, by fire refines,  
 And with unfading innate splendour shines.

Though the bank fails, how is the nation worse,  
 While trading patriots share the public purse?

\* Philip II. on his death-bed, with great truth and contrition, confessed his manifold sins and transgressions; and justly placed his hopes of salvation, on the religious merit of committing thousands of hereticks to the flames.—

Their names gazetted, through Change alley found,  
 For, Curtius like, they tempt the gulph profound;  
 Sink in the stocks to aid their country's cause,  
 And brave the terrors of the bankrupt laws.  
 Ev'n India's coin their generous toils refine,  
 While star pagodas with new lustre shine \*.  
 They swell their incomes † for our wise crusade,  
 And fill the exchequer by this pious aid:  
 Bid tax on tax in just gradation rise,  
 Till cattle, corn, and cuckolds feel excise.  
 By public oaths promote their private gain,  
 For sons of trade, ne'er call on ‡ heaven in vain.

No *sturdy beggars*, erst by Walpole known,  
 Revile the Commons, and insult the Throne.  
 They bow at court, and without contracts vote,  
 Singing in chorus to Brook Watson's note.

\* "A coinage of the star pagoda of Arcot has been established in London for some years, and it cannot be sufficiently lamented, (says this absurd and contemptible magistrate), that persons in superior stations in life, and with some pretensions to honour and integrity, have so far suffered their avarice to get the better of their moral principles as to be concerned in this infamous traffic." The concluding remark is perfectly ridiculous. "Thus it is, that the national character is wounded, and the disgrace of the British name proclaimed in Arcot, and even in the most distant regions of India," Colquhoun's Treatise on the Metropolis, 2d edit. page 21, 22.

† Many of our merchants have ruined themselves by exaggerated returns of their incomes, from a true patriotic spirit, which has always distinguished them.

‡ I appeal to Mr. Elphinstone's panegyrical speech at the India house.



No stubborn morals on the CHANGE remain,  
 And easy manners grace even Philpot-lane !  
 Ambitious commerce social life endears,  
 And polish'd shopmen shine illustrious peers ;  
 So Chinese nobles as MARCHESIS\* rise  
 Ere they find favour in the emperor's eyes.  
 Alas ! B—d, B—d, B—ll, yet remain !  
 Without a coronet in George's reign !

No longer Hamburgh tempts the dangerous strife,  
 But yields to PAUL tremendous Tandy's life ;  
 Indulgent Paul, who Koscioufko spares,  
 But eats up rebels by his Russian bears ;  
 From his stretch'd arm, in vain the traitor flies,  
 Paul speaks the word, and Napper Tandy dies.  
 How could he hope a short reprieve to gain,  
 When Don, and Brune, and Fred'rick plead in vain ?  
 If MACK's † harangues on neutral claims intrench,  
 He'll rise a judge, on Cambria's golden bench ;  
 Enrich'd by lectures, law, and logic blest,  
 With Paul's own portrait blazing on his breast ;

\* " If a man wishes to emerge out of the plebeian rank, or submits to become an eunuch, he is received in one of the palaces immediately, and promoted to some employment which gives him the rank of a nobleman."

STAUNTON'S *Embassy to China*, Vol. iii. p. 132. *Octavo Edit.*

† Mr. Mackintosh has prepared a very ingenious additional lecture,—On the Law of Nations,—to vindicate the imperial rights of the Czar of Muscovy over the free states of Hamburgh.

And Hamburgh, grateful for his timely aid,  
Will vote subscriptions from her Russian trade.

Her boasted CALENDAR let France display,  
Imperial PAUL's, excites the tuneful lay;  
With grateful strains, " Smolensko's forests ring,  
" And wond'ring Volga hears the muses sing."  
The constellations of his lucid skies,  
In sculptur'd splendour, on his buttons rise.  
As icy blasts, the piercing frost denote,  
By just degrees\*, he buttons up his coat.  
When zephyrs breath, and summer's fervour glows,  
The <sup>regal</sup> ~~royal~~ vest, in just gradation flows.  
This royal art, extends the Emperor's fame,  
As all the Russian nobles—do the same.  
By this THERMOMETER, the peasants know,  
How seasons roll, and when to reap, and sow:  
As their stiff nerves, firm as case-harden'd steel,  
By no impression vibrate, or can feel.  
Amidst his groves, Paul omnipresent reigns,  
No bonnet, hat, the sacred † shade profanes;

\* This wise and magnanimous sovereign condescends to enter into the most minute details for the happiness of his subjects.—The buttoning and unbuttoning of the coat, is actually regulated, on this principle, by an imperial edict.

† His imperial majesty is always supposed to be present in the royal gardens and parks; and therefore, hats and bonnets are not permitted to be worn there;—it were devoutly to be wished, that this Russian edict was adopted for other countries, to suppress the daring spirit of Jacobinism, and enforce a proper respect for the vicegerents of heaven.

The Russian dames expos'd to sun and air,  
Rejoice to *feel* their heads are only bare.

Imperial Britain, goddess of the main,  
From pole to pole extend thy wat'ry reign;  
Let no proud state thy awful sceptre brave,  
Thine is the ocean, thine is ev'ry wave.  
The Dane and Swede thy mercy now implore,  
Skulk from thy flag, and dread thy cannon's roar.  
The Sound block'd up, they court no icy gale,  
And weeping commerce furls her uselefs sail.  
Vengeance how just, they spurn'd thy kind advance,  
By fire and sword to coax disloyal France.

If any state, such just commands deny,  
Let flaming bombs in vengeful anger fly;  
O'er haughty Genoa's marble structures burst,  
And level every palace to the dust;  
Till the proud DOGE, his palinodia sings,  
And feels again the wrath of mighty kings\*.

The Grand Duke trembling views the lapse of time,  
While Harvey's watch ticks in a voice sublime;  
So Persia's monarch bow'd to Rome's command,  
Encircl'd by her potent consul's wand†.

\* Ordered by Louis le Grand to Paris.

† Plutarch.



Afric's dire brood still drag the galling chain,  
 And fetter'd Wakefield \* quotes St. Paul in vain ;  
 Paley and Horsley, by his babbling vext,  
 Confute wild Gilbert, yet admit the text ;  
 These holy fages light divine inherit,  
 Kill by the letter, quicken by the spirit ;  
 And pious Franklin †, to the scripture just,  
 Calls planters to perform a sacred trust.  
 Convinc'd by truth, e'en Pitt gives up the cause,  
 And yields his negroes,—to West Indian laws !

Hibernia, sing, and tune thy jocund lyre,  
 By rope and gun no more thy sons expire ;  
 In union sweet the rose and shamrock bind,  
 And rise the pride and envy of mankind.  
 Here let thy crown and royal sceptre lie,  
 And, shewn for sixpence, aid our next supply.

\* Doctor Paley in his *Moral and Political Philosophy*, book iii. part 2. chap. iii. has this remark ; “ Slavery was a part of the civil constitution of most countries when christianity appeared ; yet no passage is to be found in the christian scriptures, by which it is condemned or prohibited.” And the Bishop of Rochester, in a late debate on the Slave Trade, declares “ this traffic to be against the *spirit* indeed, but not the *letter* of christianity.”

I appeal, says the incorrigible Mr. Wakefield, to the following passage of Paul's *first* Epistle to Timothy, chap. i. verse 7, 12.—Where the ENSLAVERS OF MANKIND, *Andrapodistais*, are ranked with murderers and parricides.

*Ham,* See letter in the *Courier*, August 7, 1799.  
 † Cush the first-born of ~~Cain~~ *Ham*, was cursed by his father, the word in Hebrew signifies black ;—the negroes are the descendants of Cush ; and have justly continued in a state of slavery and degradation ever since in consequence of that paternal prophetic curse. See FRANKLIN on the *Slave Trade*.

ST. PATRICK's knights will grace thy fister isle,  
 And add precision to her blund'ring style.  
 "Bold in the lifts, and graceful in the dance,"  
 They'll charm our fair ones by their magic lance;  
 With Roman passion for our beauties burn,  
 And bid the joys of Sabine dames return;  
 With vig'rous eloquence the senate charm,  
 And prove the logic of a nervous arm.

While vict'ry o'er the land expands a blaze,  
 See letter'd genius gleam with milder rays;  
 What sparks of wit, what corruscations play,  
 In K——ff's brisk farce, and L——w——s' comic lay!  
 Where moral MISS, tir'd of a single life,  
 Yields to the spouse, merely to vex his wife.  
 In sentimental sighs her accents die,  
 While sympathetic virgins blush and cry;  
 Till the sweet girl (her cruel rival dead)  
 Virtuous and pure ascends the nuptial bed.

The School for Scandal hardly makes us smile,  
 What's Congreve's wit, without his prurient style?  
 And Cumberland's dramaticks who regards?  
 We don't praise \* TERENCE, but our modern bards.  
 Who can endure harsh Burgoyne's comic lays,  
 So much unlike our modish brilliant plays?

\* See Goldsmith's Retaliation.

In vain the laurel'd wreath may Rogers hope,  
 He flows too much like Goldsmith and like Pope;  
 And Cowper's frigid lay who can rehearse?  
 He writes no blank, but cold Miltonic verse.  
 Fastidious Bowles scorns all poetic art,  
 Neglects the head, and only strikes the heart.  
 Hark! Maurice sings in low and grating tones,  
 The spurious virtues of seditious Jones\*;  
 Vain was his science, vain his tuneful art,  
 He liv'd and died a harden'd whig at heart.  
 Man, equal man, licentious† Woodhull sings,  
 And spoils his lyre by democratic strings.  
 Who but our Jacobins can Pye admire?  
 His odes alone breathe no poetic fire.

What dullness from ‡ unclassic GIFFARD flows,  
 What beams of genius from || MATHIAS' prose?  
 His well wrought notes add music to his rhyme,  
 As the pull'd rope gives tinkling bells their chime;  
 There, caustic, satire brilliant wit prevails,  
 As bees bear stings, not in their heads but tails.

\* The Reverend Mr. Maurice's elegy on the death of Sir W. Jones, so highly and unjustly commended by Mr. Macintosh in his introductory lecture.

† Poem on the Inequality of Mankind.

So obstinate and determined was this factious and seditious promoter of whiggism, that he remained a year longer in India than he intended, disgusted with several of his noble friends for saving their country, by deserting their party, accepting of places, and abjuring their former dangerous and erroneous principles.

‡ The BAVIAD.

|| PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.



By exil'd priests his charity is seen,  
 His Christian soul temp'ring Judaic spleen.  
 The poet's dead, exclaim his spiteful foes;  
 Not while his heart its irritation shows ;  
 Ev'n frogs dissected by the fatal knife  
 Through irritation shew some signs of life.

Though untaught Bourn on Scottish hills presume  
 To scent his heatherbells and sing their bloom,  
 His blossom'd spray, and violets we scorn,  
 And bashful primrose hid beneath the thorn ;  
 No cultur'd flower amidst his chaplet blows,  
 No flaunting tulip, no carnation glows ;  
 Yet some, who art, and all true taste disdain,  
 Love his wild roses, and his wilder strain.  
 The daised turf may a rich tomb supply,  
 While Dryden's ashes near MACOSSIAN'S\* lie.

But tuneless Giffard with invidious rage,  
 Strangled the sweetest songsters of the age ;  
 No zephyrs now by cooling breezes burn,  
 Nor frozen dewdrops, brilliant diamonds turn ;  
 The warbling Nine are fled from Britain's shore,  
 And Della Crusca's strains are heard no more.

\* Mr. Macpherson, by his will, expressly desired to be buried in Westminster Abbey, near Dryden.

All wise physicians at mad Beddoes swear;  
 Instead of drugs, he poisons with pure air.  
 Oxonias youth his dangerous doctrines tell,  
 Her wise professors toll his parting knell.  
 Now to fell Priestley's art the traitor flies,  
 Prescribes his oxygen, and damns \* th' excise.  
 To his own chymic depth proud Keir is blind,  
 So treats with scorn the judgment of mankind.  
 See Darwin, drunk with intellectual light,  
 Soars with his muse, beyond each doctor's fight.

Playfair, with BAILLIE's science madly smit †,  
 Looks to the stars, but squints at holy writ;  
 True loyalty audacious Miller shocks,  
 He writes on government, yet praises Fox.  
 Gillies ‡ in rich, yet simple style refin'd,  
 Proves how Athenian || spirit chain'd mankind.  
 Fondly through him we Aristotle trace,  
 So *roug'd* and dres'd in Caledonian grace;

\* See Dr. Beddoes' late publication, on the wonderful inebriating effects of "a more powerful form of oxygen gas (denominated, says he, by its great discoverer Dr. Priestley, dephlogisticated nitrous gas)," which he would fain substitute instead of our wholesome British spirits.

† Professor Robertson the historian, in his *Dissertations on India*, rashly and profanely verifies the sceptic Baillie's astronomical calculations on Playfair's authority, though they do not perfectly coincide with the Mosais chronology.

‡ In his *Dedication*.

|| In his *history of Greece*.

The Scotch in style, the English far surpass,  
 Melting both tongues, they form Corinthian brass;  
 Science and arts illumine that classic shore,  
 While sages work their metaphysic ore;  
 To doubt their skill, will sneering Tooke presume?  
 Who but themselves could manufacture Hume?  
 His essays weave into their well wrought prose,  
 That shine like golden clocks—on Shetland hose.  
 By metaphysics buoy'd they upward fly,  
 As air balloon'd exalts us to the sky;  
 A wondrous aid ingenious \* Gre—y lends,  
 And science with his metaphysics blends;  
 His Porter forc'd by a discordant bribe †,  
 Runs forward, and inclines to neither side.  
 Through light excessive, Harris dark appears,  
 Yet can't escape Horn Tooke's malignant sneers ‡;  
 By treacherous art, he checks platonic flights,  
 But who believes all the arch traitor writes?

What philosophic lore has Godwin spun  
 From a white horse, a cavalier, and gun §?

\* Political Justice passim.

† "Let a porter be offered 100 guineas if he will carry a letter ten miles due east; and an equal sum if he will carry the letter the same distance due west."—*Philosophical and Literary Essays*, Vol. ii. p. 391.

‡ Diversions of Purley.

§ "If any man were to tell me, that if I pull the trigger of my gun, a swift and beautiful horse will immediately appear, starting from the mouth of it, I can only answer, I don't expect it. But I can assign no reason why this is an event intrinsically more absurd or less likely than the event I have been accustomed to relate." *Godwin's Inquirer*, p. 20.



He proves how body gross and unrefin'd  
 May grow immortal by the dint of mind ;  
 Fix'd air, thus breathes new life in vapid wine,  
 Revives the dregs, and bids its spirit shine.  
 One bishop save, the pious sage exclaims,  
 Let wife and children perish in the flames.  
 Nature's sensations are both false and vain,  
 Stern justice only in the breast should reign ;  
 Dissolve all moral and connubial ties,  
 Plato's a fool, and bold Lucretius lies.  
 These truths sublime pick'd out of books obscure,  
 Bear a high price—*la poudre de mille fleurs*.  
 See mighty Bryant with triumphant joy  
 Destroy the fabled gates and walls of Troy ;  
 MINERVA's bird like him was reckon'd wise,  
 By soaring only in nocturnal skies.  
 Blinded no more by Homer's dazzling sun,  
 To his mild beams of twilight truth we run ;  
 Why then will Morrit shameful combat wage,  
 And fierce as Pyrrhus brave the hoary sage \* ?  
 † Jackson of letters, and of music vain,  
 Scorns current thoughts, and coins from his own brain.  
 Invidious ‡ Smith lends his malignant aid,  
 To starve physicians, and destroy their trade.

\* Vindication of Homer and of the ancient poets and historians who have recorded the siege and fall of Troy. In answer two late publications of Mr. Bryant. *B. J. B. S. Morrit, Esq.*

† See Jackson's Thirty Letters,—and his Four Ages.

‡ Dr. Car. Smith on the Efficacy of Nitrous Acid, to stop Contagion

How vain, how superficial Rumford's found,  
 He drags celestial science to the ground !  
 Who can his roasters, and his grates endure,  
 And soups to fat, and spoil the pamper'd poor ?  
 On the CANAILLE, parts, time, and gold he flings ;  
 From F. R. S. we hop'd sublimer things.

M—ford in arms, leads up the Pyrrhic dance,  
 And trips with taste by coupling Greece with France \*.  
 Man, equal man, audacious Woodhul sings,  
 And spoils his lyre—by democratic strings.

In foreign realms, ingenious W ——— roams,  
 Their motley chit-chat forms his brilliant tomes ;  
 So various shreds the taylor's sheers supply,  
 That stitch'd and join'd, with Persian carpets vie.  
 If haughty Parr † his glaring genius lend,  
 The fatal loan betrays, and shames his friend ;  
 As rich Corinthian pillars out of place,  
 Degrade the structure they were meant to grace,  
 Malone illumines Shakspeare's clouded age,  
 And Steevens throws new lustre o'er his page ;  
 Why will such critics waste their precious time ?  
 The less obscure, they make him less sublime.

\* The History of the French Revolution, ingeniously introduced and blended with the Peloponesian war.

† As a proof, read White's Sermons, &c.

On Greek, no longer Porson founds his fame,  
 Since the divine has taught the sceptic shame ;  
 Though tauntingly, his bitter logic prest,  
 Yet Travis conquers by the heavenly text \*.

But who can write in language soft and pure,  
 Such pretty periods, as Miss Hannah Moore ?  
 They charm a bishop †, ladies' hearts trepan,  
 And yield the devil all his rights o'er man.  
 By this fell monster, foe to heavenly bliss,  
 She little master frights, and naughty miss.  
 Saphic and chaste, she Satan's power defies  
 By fasting, and abjuring Sunday pies.  
 Her splendid truths, shine by their native light,  
 And owe their brightness to their being trite ;  
 As copper pence, through every turnpike thrust,  
 Their value tell, and pass too quick to rust.

The purity of infants Barbault stains ‡,  
 Infusing poison in their milky veins ;  
 Taught in her youth a Priestley to admire,  
 And tune for him her puritanic lyre ;  
 Rebellious Paoli <sup>was</sup> ~~was~~ her early praise,  
 And Boswell's heart would vibrate to her lays §.

\* Porson's letters to Travis's defence of the three heavenly witnesses.

† Right Reverend Doctor Porteous.

‡ Impudently called the Child's Friend, in one of Dr. Beddoes's late publications.

§ In a poem addressed to Mr. Boswell.



AIKIN and she their laurell'd wreaths entwine  
Around our bards, and by their brightness shine.

Invidious Belsham sovereign power would trace  
To a bold rabble, not a royal race;  
They once indeed usurp'd both crown and law,  
Snatch'd them from James, and gave them to Nassau.  
With such irreverence he treats all thrones,  
That even Satan's power this Whig disowns \*.  
Woe, direful woe, from such mad doctrine springs,  
Europe may lose both Satan and her kings.  
Amidst this group what eye can ~~more~~ discern, *More*  
He seems to pass for Fielding, or for Sterne †.

Translations too the ear of taste engage,  
And German ditties charm our polish'd age;  
A lover's ghost from his cold mansion hies,  
Mounts death's gaunt steed, and to his Chloe flies;  
Seizes the maid, and squats her on behind,  
Wincing she sits, in trembling hope resign'd.  
Then to the grave, from whence at first he hied,  
The ghost jumps in; and there enjoys his bride.

If from one house the splendid court abstain,  
Yet German genius beams in Drury-lane;

\* Memoirs of the house of Brunswick.

† In his Review of Mr. Wilberforce's Treatise, page 46.

The authors only shine, our hearts disown  
 Jordan's soft voice, and Siddons' thrilling tone.  
 What god-like hero strikes our ravish'd fight !  
 A child his left, a sword employs his right ;  
 Pity and terror melt and scare his foes,  
 And weeping armies shrink from ROLLO's blows.  
 The frantic mother, though her darling's near,  
 Can't find the babe, and half expires with fear ;  
 Then fobs and weeps, and smites her childless knee,  
 And sings for grief, under the green-wood tree.

How throb our hearts, our lungs can scarce respire,  
 When spectres sing and ghosts usurp the lyre ;  
 O'er their cast robes, and nuptial beds to weep,  
 And guard a virgin's virtue when asleep :  
 But if the bravo, rape, and murder plan,  
 They shriek aloud, and seize the guilty man.

Adieu to jealous pangs, and nuptial strife,  
 The amorous husband clasps his tender wife ;  
 By moral love and sympathy's sweet charms,  
 She leads her rival to her husband's arms.  
 Yet still enjoys the partner of her bed,  
 As half a loaf is better than no bread.  
 The husband too, by generous feelings blest,  
 Clasps the dear frail one, to his panting breast ;

And fondly sighs—Your sentimental slips  
 Spring from the glow of these delicious lips :  
 A peach, a beauty, in soft blushes speaks,  
 “ We’re ripe and sweet for birds and lovers beaks.”  
 My dearest life, she cries, we’ll never part ;  
 He had my person, you enjoy’d my heart.  
 I still lov’d virtue, though in pleasure’s chace,  
 And felt your merits in his warm embrace.  
 Than smacking kisses, sobs, and screams resound,  
 Till, mute with joy, they tumble to the ground.  
 Hear and grow wise, ye cuckolds of the age,  
 Exalt your horns, and bless the German stage.

What crowds of female novellists appear !  
 Intrigue in front, and duel in the rear ;  
 Determined to assume the rights of men,  
 They drop the needle, and take up the pen ;  
 Still the dear sex, by soft compassion led,  
 Put wild gallants, and modest wives to bed.  
 Beauty, though frail, even Thurlow’s rage disarms,  
 So dizen’d o’er by sentimental charms.  
 Through novels, much of man sweet miss <sup>has</sup> ~~had~~ seen,  
 By moral hot-beds ripen’d at thirteen.  
 They light up fancy, breathe instinctive hope,  
 And teach the surest method to elope,  
 By sympathetic passion fire the soul,  
 Else dreary, flat, the tedious moments roll.



But novels stir the stagnant pool of life,  
 When panting maids anticipate the wife.  
 Yet Charlotte Smith can scarce an hour beguile,  
 Her sonnets too display no dazzling style;  
 And Inchbald stimulates no amorous rage,  
 Too simply chaste for Covent-garden stage!

By novels taught, we learn the pleasing art,  
 To close the purse, and ope the tender heart;  
 By melting tales, our streaming eyes o'erflow,  
 Touch'd by soft scenes of sweet fictitious woe.  
 The dear delusions in our bosoms play,  
 And painful charity perspires away,  
 We feel the warm sensation bright and pure,  
 Free'd from all taint breath'd by the loathsome poor;  
 So the foul spring, the filt'ring stone refines,  
 Till the clear stream, with native lustre shines.

*Thus* So chants a bard smit by Britannia's charms,  
 And paints her skill in science, arts, and arms;  
 Though now worn out like Queensbury, and tir'd,  
 Neither by love, nor vain ambition fir'd,  
 To Jacobins, his courtly lyre he flings,  
 Left dire revenge should cut the trembling strings.

THE END.

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